

## FOOTNOTES

The 'smoker' atop London buses, with its panoramic view of the city, particularly up front, is a marvelous way to take in the corner news hawkers (screaming the goriest headlines), the always populated parks--St. James, Hyde Park--, Fleet Street, and the life-size ads along Piccadilly. But any city worth seeing is worth walking through, particularly London. Even if you forget the adaptor for your traveling iron, heavy black thread or your sunglasses, don't forget to take along the most comfortable pair of shoes you have, well broken-in.

Battersea Park on a Sunday afternoon is most inviting if you're wearing slacks and flats and you can reverse your jacket to sit on the grass and watch a cricket match, or boys in knee pants kicking around a soccer ball, or wander through a sculpture exhibition. If you're too young to remember what a "zoot suit" looks like, stroll through the Fun Fair with its always familiar cotton candy and see an occasional "Teddy Boy" in this get-up.



You may also begin to exercise your ability in learning foreign languages by trying to determine what the holiday crowd are saying to one another--families from the suburbs with many Eliza Doolittles in tow who are as unintelligible as French shop owners.

Soho after dark would make the beatnik feel at home, but be prepared to retire to the 'pad' early, because everything closes up here around midnight - one p.m. if you're lucky - even on a Saturday night. La Rocca's is an inexpensive guitar and espresso spot, cosmopolitan in flavor. Besides myself and two California girls, our group consisted of a Surrey native, an Australian, a New Zealander and a West Berliner.

Chelsea is also worth a saunter after dark. It's quieter than Soho and must have more genuine artists, as it resembles the more subdued sections of Greenwich Village, with scattered leotards and a less intense intellectuality. (I donned leotards one day for a walk through 'arty' Montmartre and was stared at curiously. In Paris!)

Instead of taking a tram from the Tower of London to St. Paul's Cathedral, amble along the side streets, duck down into one of the tea-room type London cafeterias, munch an apple under a memorial structure in the middle of nowhere and peer at the noon-hour office workers chattering about their boyfriends as noon-hour office workers do everywhere.



Unless you squeeze it in before 3 p.m., you'll have to wait until 5:30 p.m. before your first cocktail, so you may as well stroll through the Design Center on Haymarket Street; or envy the horseback riders along Rotten Row in Hyde Park; or climb the creaky stairs in Samuel Johnson's house before a delicious Yorkshire Pudding supper at near-by Ye' Olde Cheshire Cheese, off Fleet Street.

Taking a motor launch is the best way to see Bangkok's floating markets and river temples. But you must walk completely around the Ringstrasse in Vienna to appreciate that city.

Trolleys in Copenhagen go almost everywhere. But tours through the Carlsberg Breweries in Copenhagen and the Guinness plant in Dublin are walking tours, and you have to listen politely to the guide, following him around to peer into vats before you can sample the free brew.

Cycling is practical in Amsterdam. If, however, you reach Cairo, never mind hiring a camel or donkey to take you to the Pyramids and the Sphinx. They're not far from the road (despite protestations by the guides to the opposite) and the walk to the edge of the desert is gripping. Suddenly there is an aloneness you've never experienced before--the sounds of the city have disappeared; only scattered Arabs on horseback are around to disturb your reverie.



Cruising is fun on Lake Geneva. But it is necessary to walk among the stone seats looking down upon the ancient stage of the Theatre of Dionysius in Athens and listen closely to the wind for whispers of Greek tragedies, played before capacity audiences a thousand years ago.

For a swift ride to your destination in Delhi, you could sit on the back of a motor scooter being driven by a turbaned Indian. But no transportation is available within the walls in Jerusalem (Jordan) for pilgrims to make the Way of the Cross on Friday afternoons at 3 p.m.

Jeepneys abound in Manila. The real pioneer, though, will attempt to climb the Benguet rice terraces in the Mountain Province in northern Luzon (Philippines), a next-to-impossible feat.

If you're not afraid of heights and are long-legged, try climbing the extremely steep steps going up the sides of the Wat Arun, or Temple of Dawn, along the Chao Phya River. There's nothing to fear if you wish to cross over from Checkpoint Charlie in West Berlin to the Eastern sector. In Istanbul, a colorful stroll took me from my hotel in Beyoglu across the Galata Bridge to the Sirkeci quarter and views of Saint Sofia, the Seraglio and the Mosque of Sultan Ahmet. And, if you happen to be in Israel on a Saturday, as I was, be prepared to walk.



If you walk faithfully through each city you visit, as I did, you may have a cramped arch by the end of your trip. Plan limping into Tangier. If you're fortunate enough to be staying at the Plaza there, the hotel manager, a very sympathetic man, will industriously massage your foot in the hotel lobby at high noon and send you on your way, free of pain and able to manage the deeply graded steps leading to the upper reaches of the Casbah.

So many cities have the 'breathless' up and down topography of Tangier and San Francisco. You're missing something, too, if you don't walk up the Spanish steps in Rome, or down the steps from Sacre Coeur in Montmartre; or up the steps leading to the hidden burial mausoleums at the Staglieno cemetery in Genoa, or down the steps from the Bastille in Paris; or up the narrow, winding steps going to the top of Nelson's Pillar in O'Connell Street, Dublin, or down the crooked pathway from the Sacremonte, the gypsy quarter in Granada; or up Lycabbetus Hill in Athens, and down the Garden Road from Victoria Peak in Hong Kong.

Of course, there is a funiculare (cable cars) leading up to the Sacre Coeur, and to the Hill of Fourviere in Lyon (for a view of the city lying between the Rhone and Saone Rivers), and the faraglioni (rocks) surrounding the upper village of Anacapri, as well as to the <sup>fashionable</sup> Santa Lucia district above Naples, so don't be too alarmed. There is always the Paris Metro and the London tubes, in addition to underground systems in Madrid and Rome.



In some cases, though, like in Paris, it's necessary to walk around the city first and learn the names of its various quarters before attempting to choose the right underground line which will take you where you want to go. It's most disconcerting your first day in Paris to stumble into a Metro, not know where you're going and how to get there, even with a map in your hand, because you have, as yet, no sense of direction and little French.

Contrary to expectations, Notre Dame, the Eiffel Tower and the Champs Elysees are not within a radius of one block of each other, let alone one mile. They can be travelled to on foot, however, if the Metro frightens you. Just give yourself lots of time to savor the ponts and quais along the Seine, the many bookstalls in the Latin Quarter, the Louvre and the Tuilleries, plus an extra half-hour if you lose the Eiffel Tower.

I lost it. I began the trek from my hotel on the Left Bank calmly enough, with the Tower hazily in the distance, sighted it carefully, then proceeded through the St. Germain-des-Pres area toward my destination at a leisurely pace. Distractions are abundant on Paris streets, even more so when you're away from the tourist sections and spectacles. The close quarters and close shops and close odors (not quite like the fishy Les Halles, but not at all like the 'perfumed' Fauborg St. Honore) surround you, envelop you and draw you into the maelstrom of activity and noise that is Paris.



And then, psof!, no Eiffel Tower. I wandered back and forth through narrow streets with forbiddingly tilting buildings until I finally came to a tree-shaded avenue that gave me another glimpse of the Tower. Which I promptly lost again! It was like being an out-of-town visitor to New York, walking in the Forties and not being able to locate the Empire State Building because you didn't know the street on which it was located.

But, voila, you turn a corner quickly and there it is, both imposing and ridiculously impractical (the Tower, not the Empire State), but the detour has been worth it, if only for the cyclists with several loaves of that long, long French bread under each arm who narrowly avoid crashing into you. I must say this about walking in France: the French must be an unusually symmetrical people. Their parks, their monuments, their city layouts, their procedures in approaching single women travelers--all very symmetrical!

Never mind the walking tours described in travel brochures. Strike out on your own, point yourself in a direction, and go. Getting lost in a strange city is not a catastrophe. There is always someone who speaks English; there are always taxis or public transportation; and there are often city maps posted throughout the city. There'll be so many more experiences you'll be able to describe to your friends when you return, if you've been on your feet and not encased in an air-conditioned luxury tour bus.



It is necessary to walk over London Bridge and assure your young relatives that it's not falling down. You have to cross the seven bridges over the River Liffey in Dublin for luck. Nimes in southern France wouldn't be complete without examination of the Pont du Gard in the Jardin de la Fontaine, an aqueduct that looks like a city buried under water. Don't neglect to walk under the Leaning Tower of Pisa on a sunny day with the clouds high in the sky, stand directly underneath, look straight up and experience the sensation of the Tower swaying above you as the clouds move swiftly overhead.

And if you don't go under the Rialto Bridge in Venice in a gondola, at least cross over it. And if you don't buy a thing along the Ponte Vecchio in Florence, at least cross over it--it's one of the oldest bridges in the world.

You're likely to be in a bus travelling on the Appian Way(as sacreligious as that may be) but prevail upon the driver to stop for a few moments so that you can put your feet down on this historic road.

Obviously you can't shop in a city without walking, although sometimes it would be wiser to go whizzing past the straw markets and flea markets and market markets in a taxi to avoid the long arm of the salesmen. I mean, how can you resist those virile Italians in the Florentine straw market when they kiss your hand, whisper sweet nothings and propose marriage. You gladly pay 500 lire for some little thing worth 50 when so much attention is bestowed on you.



When your guide in Tangier whisks you into a shop where you know he is getting a rake-off, you still pay twice as many francs for a Moroccan leather wallet, even after half-hearted bargaining, because they offer you a delicious glass of mint tea. Tangier is also the place where boys at the JD age here approach you constantly on the street and beg to be able to take you to a place where you will get wondrous things (at wondrous prices) and make a big show of chewing down the proprietor to impress you. You know they're hand-in-glove, but the boys are such delightful liars and mischievous imps that you can't resist them.

Bargaining, shopping, marketing--that's another story. There may be few real bargains in Europe and Asia, but walking is one of them. You'll always get more than you bargained for--in one way or another.

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